With reuerend fathers and well learned Biſhops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth, and ſo my L. farwell.
Glo. Now will I in to take ſome priuie order *Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of ſight,
And to giue notice that no manner perſon
At any time haue recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good L. Haſtings,
Which in a ſet hand fairely is engroſſ'd
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I ſpent to write it ouer.
For yeſternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The preſident was full as long a dooing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres liued L. Haſtings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why, who's ſo groſſe
That ſees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who ſo blind but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſeene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloceſter at one doore Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my L. what ſay the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and ſpeake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the Baſtardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did: with the inſatiate greedineſſe of his deſires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne baſtardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and nobleneſſe of minde:
Layd open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Diſcipline in warre, wiſedom in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Vntouch't, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bid them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God ſaue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they ſo?
Buc. No ſo God helpe me,
But like dumbe ſtatues or breathleſſe ſtones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them (lences?
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfull ſi-
His anſwere was, the people were not wont
To be ſpoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing ſpake in warrant from himſelfe:
When he had done ſome followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And ſome ten voyces cryed, God ſaue King Richard:
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applauſe and louing ſhoute,
Argues your wiſedome and your loues to Richard:
And ſo brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueleſſe blocks were they, would they not (ſpeake?
Buc. No by my troth my Lord.
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
Buc. The Maior is heere: and intend ſome feare,
Be not ſpoken withall, but with mightie ſute:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And ſtand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy deſcant:
Be not eaſie wonne to our requeſt:
Play the maydes part, ſay no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canſt pleade as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy iſſue.
Buc. You ſhal ſee what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his ſeruant: how now Catesby what ſayes he?
Cat. My Lord he doth entreat your Grace
To viſit him to morrow, or next day: